

## THE ADVOCATE.

## TWO ON THE TERRACE.

Warm waves of ivy moonlight  
The capitol info.

Bathed its white walls with gold,  
The great bronze Freedom shining  
Her head in ether shimmering—  
Pours eastward, as dawning  
The new day from the old.

Mark the mild planet pouring  
Her splendor o'er the ground;  
See the white orb's soaring  
To pierce the blue profound.  
Beneath the still heavens beaming,  
The lighted town lies gleaming,  
In guarded slumber dreaming—  
A world without a sound.

No laughter and no sobbing  
From those dim roofs arise,  
The myriad pulses throbbing  
Are silent as the skies.  
To their peace is given;  
The mood of spirits shivering  
I see the wide, pure heaven  
Reflected in your eyes.

Ah, love! a thousand songs  
Should range their trudging years;  
The morning stars their paths  
Shall ring to countless ears.  
These married States may sever,  
Strong times this dome may shiver,  
But love shall last forever,  
And lovers' hopes and fears.

So let us send our greeting,  
A wish for trust and bliss,  
To future lovers meeting  
On far off nights like this.  
Who, in these walls undying  
Perforce of time's rough wooing—  
And the crumbling ruin  
Shall meet, clasp hands and kiss.

John Hay in Scribner's.

## THE CONTESSA'S HAIR.

"It's Charley!" said Polly.  
"It isn't!" said I.  
"But I tell you it is!"  
I laughed derisively.

"Do you think I've taken leave of  
my senses?" said I. "Do you think I  
don't know Charley St. Cyr when I see  
him?"

"There, they're stopping now. That's  
Belle with him. Now do you believe in  
me?" cried Polly.

The next minute we were kissing and  
embracing our pretty cousin-in-law.  
Mrs. St. Cyr, on the sunken step of old  
Matteo Giglio's shop in the Via Madre  
in Naples. On either side of the dingy  
stone doorway blossomed a huge cleander  
bush in a clumsy marble vase, and  
the Italian sunshine slept dreamily on  
the pavement in flecks of gold, while  
overhead glowed the deep blue sky of  
the poes.

Who was "we"? Well, "we" repre-  
sented Polly and myself. Polly was  
my sister. We were both school-  
maums, spending our vacation in the  
land of sunshine. Not wealthy tourists  
by any means, nor yet bloated bond-  
holders, but sensible economical Yank-  
ees girls who had learned the art of  
making every penny go as far as possi-  
ble, and who were engaged in "doing"  
the continent as cheaply as practicable.

And quite necessary we found that  
same economy. At home we lived in  
a flat and kept house for ourselves,

turning our own gowns and wearing  
dyed kid gloves and washed and ironed  
ribbons in a spirit of cheerful inde-  
pendence. With Charley St. Cyr things  
were altogether different. He was one  
of those curled darlings of fortune on  
whom adversity's cold wind had never  
blown, and what he desired passed  
Belle Blooming, a beauty and a bri-  
ese; it seemed as if nothing further  
could be desired.

"To think," cried Belle radiantly,  
"that you shouldn't have known Char-  
ley! Of course Charley! Kiss me, Polly,  
you beautiful girl! Give me a kiss, Lucia!  
Of all good luck, this chance  
meeting is the most delightful!"

"But," cried I, peering into the re-  
cesses of the close carriage, "what has  
Charley done to himself? Find out."

Belle laughed. "I'm afraid he's  
done something to find out."

"You notice everything, don't you,  
dear?" said she. "Well, he's changed.  
He's been very ill with typhoid fever,  
and his hair has been cut off,  
but that antediluvian skullcap that  
changes him so."

"I told you so," said I. "No one  
would have known him."

"But it's Charley, all the same,"  
Polly protested.

"I'm a paragon of youth and a  
young St. Cyr, laughing merrily  
as with a glance up and down  
the narrow street to make sure that  
there were no observers peering out  
of the rusty vehicle, and entered the  
store.

"We've come to buy him all right,"  
said Belle lightly. "Of course he'll  
expect me to set up a pair of spectacles  
and a crutch to keep him company.  
He's so low-spirited about it, poor  
darling," she added sotto voce, as  
Charley passed on with Polly. They  
had always been great friends, as children.  
"And of course it was a terrible  
trial to lose all that splendid hair of  
his. But he broods over it, and so I  
talk as much nonsense about it as  
I can and pretend to think it wild fun.  
And the strangest thing is that it's al-  
most impossible to find anything to  
match his eyes and complexion in wigs  
or toupees, and he's so fastidious you  
can't think. We've been recommended  
to Matteo Giglio's place, and that's  
how we came to be here."

"We came to look at antique cameos  
and carved coral," said I. "Not to buy,  
of course. Our purses don't admit that;  
but as a mere matter of curiosity."

"Oh, Giglio keeps everything when  
one goes, and they buy," said Belle.

"There's a hell dressing gown in which  
underground hole where lamps are  
burning all the year around. Do come  
with us, there's a love, while Polly  
loses herself among these intaglios and  
rusty coins."

Matteo Giglio had a consumptive  
looking son, Giuseppe by name, who  
sat in the little den where newly shorn  
masses of golden curling caught the dim  
gleam of the lamplight, and long  
switches hung around like the trophies  
of some Indian chief fresh from the  
scalping path. He viewed Mr. St. Cyr  
critically, first with fixed lamp, then by  
the ordinary light.

"It is very strange," said he. "I  
never saw just the shade of the signs  
of hair."

"Oh, don't say that!" cried Belle  
tragically clasping her hands.

Giuseppe bowed solemnly in her di-  
rection.

"Except," added he, "in one in-  
stance. Oh, yes, I have some of the  
sort of place it was. Will you go away,  
Belle, all of us? We'll take a look at  
the south of France and then go home."

"These are gaming houses every-  
where," said Belle, dejectedly. "And  
you'll find that he will not leave Mon-  
aco."

"He shall leave it," said Polly, com-  
pressing her lips.

Polly was a Maine maiden who feared  
nothing in the heavens above or the  
earth beneath or the water under the  
earth. She penetrated valiantly into the  
glittering ring of destruction and  
marched up to St. Cyr that very night.

"Charley, come out," she whispered.  
"Come with me!"

He looked at her with gleaming eyes  
and shrank back deeply.

"Don't speak to me now," he said.  
"Can't you see that the luck is chang-  
ing?" She drew resolutely away.

"Come, I say!" she cried, stamping  
her foot.

Just then some one back of him  
reached frantically over his head, beck-  
oning to "Monsieur le 'couper," and  
in his gestures knocked off St. Cyr's  
beautiful wavy tresses toupee. It  
fell among the crowding feet under the  
table. There was a momentary silence,  
then a general peal of only half sup-  
pressed merriment. St. Cyr looked  
vaguely around. Then he bit his lip  
and receded from the crowd.

"Whose is it?" said I.

Giuseppe shrugged his bowed  
shoulders.

"As well as the sands of the sea-  
shore," said he, "as endeavor to trace  
where such things come from. There  
is no disease lurking in them; further  
than that we know not."

Charles St. Cyr frowned.

Belle looked annoyed.

I devoutly wished then I had held  
my tongue, and set myself to making  
friends with a pretty peasant girl who  
had come in to exchange her wealth of  
raven black hair for some gold ornaments  
that she coveted.

"Presently Belle called to me.

"It's all right," she said gleefully.  
"The wig is to be finished by to-  
morrow night. Charley has gone up stairs  
to help Polly select a Neapolitan coral  
brooch."

"But Polly never can afford"

"Yes, she can; or Charley can, which  
is just the same thing. And you're to  
have a pink pendant, Lucia, dear. But  
it's the strangest thing," confidentially  
twining her arm in mine, "about that  
hair. I wouldn't have Charley know it  
for the world, but it's a woman's hair;  
I saw it lying in the long curl in the  
drawer."

"What difference does that make?"  
she cried.

"None in the world, of course. But  
Charley is so fidgety, especially since  
that wearing illness of his," said Belle.

"Is she dead?"

Belle started.

"Not that I know of. No, I should  
say not. Does that lovely, gleamy hair  
look like a dead woman's? Don't, pray,  
put any such ideas into Charley's head!"

"No, I won't," said I, feeling more  
guilty than ever.

Charles St. Cyr was upstairs, select-  
ing little bijoux for Polly and me out of  
the half-lighted store, and we went  
home to dine with them in a loggia  
overlooking a garden of white starred  
lemon trees, and furnished with ancient  
furniture and discolored marble statuary, and afterward to the  
theatre. We were to go on to Switzerland  
the next day, and when we parted from  
Belle and Charley they were in superb  
spirits.

The next place where we met them,  
two weeks later, was at Monaco. Char-  
ley was imperially handsome, and we  
could hardly believe that those clustering  
masses of wavy hair that shaded  
his forehead were not actually his own.  
His color had come back; his eyes  
shone with a strange, fitful light, and  
his manner was full of a strange vivacity.  
For the period it seemed almost  
as if he and Belle had changed char-  
acters. She was pale and wan and silent,  
and gave one the impression of continually  
watching him, as she sat with  
books or work in her lap.

"What is it, Belle?" I asked, snug-  
ging up to her, the first evening we  
were there. "Something troubles you,  
what is it? Remember, I'm your moth-  
er confessor."

She was intently regarding the glit-  
tering doorway of the great gambling  
palace opposite to which we sat.

"I thought so," said she. "He has  
gone there again. He has forgotten  
that I even exist. Now I shall see  
nothing more of him until morning."

"Belle, you never can mean!"

She turned fiercely upon me.

"Yes, I do," said she. "I mean just  
that Charley, my husband, has de-  
generated into a mere gambler. He  
has lost self control and self respect;

he will soon lose what little fortune we  
have as well. Oh, Lucia, I don't wonder  
that you look incredulous. But you  
must know it sooner or later."

"Go after him," I cried, starting up.  
"Bring him back. Oh, don't let him  
drift to ruin like this!"

"We tried it," she said in a low,  
monotonous voice. "It is of no use.

He plays no heed to me."

"But, Belle, what is to be done?"

"I don't know," she said, rocking  
herself back and forth like one in mor-  
tal pain. "God help me, I do not know.  
There are times when I think I

I must go frantic. He loved me once.  
He was true and noble and high hearted  
once. And what is strangest of all,  
there are times when he seems to rouse

into his true self for a few hours. Some-

times at sight when I pray to him on  
my bended knees, in the early dawn  
when the sound of castle bells on the  
mountain releases him from slumber,  
his better nature seems to come back  
to him; but only for a brief, brief  
while, and then the fever flame seems  
to burn again in his veins. Oh, Lucia,

I am the most wretched woman in the  
world. Oh, I wish that I were dead!"

"Cheer up, Belle!" soothed I. "Polly  
will know what to do. We'll take  
counsel with Polly."

Polly advocated no half measure.  
She had a genuine New England horror  
of gambling in all its forms.

"I never would have come to Mon-  
aco," said she, "I knew what sort of  
place it was. Will you go away,  
Belle, all of us? We'll take a look at  
the south of France and then go home."

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where," said Belle, dejectedly. "And  
you'll find that he will not leave Mon-  
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